

## A Puzzling Case

By A. W. PEACH

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Albert Hill was a mystery from the moment he appeared at Mrs. Bates' boarding house. From the first he kept to himself; while uniformly courteous, he did not invite advances of any kind. Next, it was discovered that he spent many hours in the evening just walking. "One of those physical culture bugs," old Doctor Greene said grimly, and the boarding house accepted his conclusion.

But Ruth Taylor, looking as she did each day at the strong but haggard face, reached a different conclusion. The gray eyes lifted to hers, as she chatted in the familiar way of the house, were shadowed. Each evening after supper she saw him go out, his tall figure swinging away into the night; and many times she heard him returning at midnight. And finally, because her training as a nurse had helped her to look into human hearts, she knew that he was walking to forget, hoping to leave behind somewhere in his lonely strolls a memory that he wished to blot out.

She made up her mind as she watched him grow thinner and more haggard that she must take a hand in curing him. She decided she must find out, first of all, what was wrong, and she decided to take a bold step if necessary. Her professional instinct was aroused.

The next evening, as he stepped from the door, she was waiting. "Mr. Hill, why don't you invite one of us lonely females to stroll with you some evening?" She felt her cheeks glow a bit with shame at the boldness of her request.

He looked down at her with grave eyes. "I have noticed that you, at least, have plenty of invitations from others," he added quickly as he saw her wince. "I would like to have you come, but I am afraid you would find me poor company. But do come." He smiled this time, and the smile won her.

They started down the avenue and the adventure began. To find his trouble and to cure him was the task she had set for herself. She made little progress that evening; but they chatted and walked—most of the time in silence. When they returned she had made little gain in her attempt to solve him; but she found some satisfaction in his good-night words.

"You make a good comrade. Please join me if you can tomorrow. My work has been changed, so I shall wander a bit in the afternoon."

Lightness came into her feet as she mounted the stairs. She had helped him a bit to forget something—what it was she could not guess, unless it might be some wrongdoing that preyed upon him; but the clean strength of his lean face, the grave kindness of his eyes seemed to shut away all thought of crime.

The first link in the chain of mystery was broken the next afternoon. They were strolling together down the broad, sunny central path of the great park when she saw coming toward them a graceful, pretty girl whose eyes quickened with interest as she saw them. She turned toward them.

"Greetings, Albert," she said to him. Ruth saw his face whiten and grow stern, then take on a look of hunger that vanished as quickly as it came. And light began to dawn dimly upon her.

He turned to her with a word of introduction. "Miss Dennison." The girl's appraising eyes swept her coolly and turned to him.

When they went on again Ruth was aware that the mystery was nearing a solution. The conversation dragged, though he made an evident effort to keep it up; but his mind and heart was elsewhere.

She determined to use drastic methods, for that night at the dining room table he looked wearier and more depressed than ever. The pity that his hurt eyes had first aroused in her was troubled many folds. She thought over a plan and decided to put it into action.

She drew him aside into the quiet of the reception room. She was a bit hesitant just how to begin, but she began, anyway.

"Listen, I want you to tell me something and tell me truly. I have decided to hire myself as your doctor. Anyway, you need a mother—or perhaps a sister."

"The Lord knows I do," he said quietly.

"Then—here it is—and forgive me—but did you love Miss Dennison once?"

He drew a long breath and sank back into the shadow of the corner. She was afraid he would not answer; then the words came, touched with pain. "I love her now—that's the trouble." He was silent for a little while; then his man's will broke and the whole bitter tale came out—a story of man's true love, given fully to a girl who took it; and then when it had gone so far as to make ready a home, had been given back.

Ruth listened with pounding heart, and understood. Worthy or not, she was all in all to him; for love does not follow the cold logic of facts or the guidance of the will.

He finished with, "So you see I came here to forget, and I'm not, as the good doctor says, a physical culture bug. You understand, I know; and you have been a fine little friend. Now, what would you advise?"

His voice was light, but the heaviness within was reflected without. She shook her head, but said quietly: "Perhaps there is a way." She remembered the quick glance of the girl who had flitted him; in that glance was question and remembrance.

Ruth carefully planned the next moves in her little game. She took pains to discover the time Miss Dennison went for her afternoon walk in the sunny park and it came about that Miss Dennison saw her each time with him. With all the skill she was capable of Ruth dressed for the part, looking her prettiest and happiest. Results came, for she saw in Miss Dennison's eyes the first glint of jealousy and the first hint of a new awakening of a desire to claim Albert.

A week later Albert came to her smiling. In his hand he held a note. "She has invited me to the house to-night. Wish me good luck." There was a joyous note in his voice; but to her his joy brought a strange and unaccountable shock. After he had gone she stood silent in her room a moment staring; then her hands went to her heart. "Why, I do believe I—I—love him!"

She sat down abruptly, her eyes dark with question. Back to her came memories of their happy times together, his pleasant friendly voice, his amusing if not brilliant conversation, and every memory brought a headache.

"I tried to cure him and I exposed myself," she muttered half tearfully and half laughingly.

The shadow clung to her. She did not see him in the morning; and he did not return till late in the evening. She knew, for she listened in spite of herself for his firm tread, his slow, pleasant greeting; and slowly the truth dawned upon her. He and his love had become reconciled; and he was busy making plans for the home that came so near to being and now was to be.

She heard his quick step in the hall—a step vibrant with new meaning, and she stepped from her room, meaning to be "game" to the end. He loomed in the dusk of the corridor, and suddenly he caught her arm and drew her into the reception room.

His voice was quivering with pent-up emotion. "Little comrade, it's all over. I've been fighting it all afternoon, for I'm still afraid. Hold on—I must tell you right out." His voice grew calm, but in it was something that held her as in a spell. His hand was still on her arm. "I saw her—Miss Dennison—and I discovered that I no longer loved this girl who flitted me—it came over me—Ruth, I must say it; but these hours with you have been the happiest, and you are the one I love. Now, I've said it, and I'm going; I made arrangements to move this afternoon. I know you don't want the cast-off lover of another; but I know now what a true woman is—and I know I love one—you!"

She drew his arm about her, and it tightened convulsively as he felt her trembling. She half spoke, half whispered. "I thought I was helping another to love you, and I was helping myself. My dear, you have been a hard case, but I'm glad—so glad—I cured you!"

### MISTAKE TO YIELD TO AGE

Women in General Have It in Their Power to Retain Youth for Long Period.

Women, although many of them are unaware of it, are far more sensitive to outward impressions than are most men, and in cultivating this keep themselves young.

The fact that many people think women grow old quicker than men has nothing to do with the case, as many women do not tell their right ages in the first place. Perhaps with a family to look after a few indications show quicker than with the sterner sex. But in later life the difference is more than made up.

The woman who would remain young cultivates this keen sense of beauty and takes her enjoyment more or less as a child in the song of a bird, in the sunshine and the blue sky, and forgets quickly the petty gossip and annoyances which fill the lives of the women who fail to appreciate life's best gift—simple-mindedness.

#### Proletarian.

The word proletarian comes from the Latin word proles (offspring), and 2,000 years ago was used by the Romans to designate the less substantial and useful members of society, those who had nothing except their children to offer to the support of the states. The word also has taken on other shades of meaning until it has come to be applied to a member of the community who has no other capital than the strength of his hands; the laborer or workingman who lives, as it were, from hand to mouth, and who has no reserve to support him in time of need.

#### Fish's Eyes on Left Side.

In the clubroom we were talking of the turbot caught off the Shetlands, which fetched £9. It seemed a big price and one member jocularly suggested that perhaps the reason for its great value was that its eyes were on the wrong side.

The remark puzzled us until the speaker put the question to us collectively: "On which side of a turbot are his eyes?" None could say positively, so he added enlightenment to censure of our woeful ignorance of flat fish in general.

It seems that the turbot and brill have invariably their eyes on the left, while with halibut, plaice and sole it is a case of eyes right.—London Chronicle.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean. Will leave a track behind forever more. The slightest wave of influence set in motion. Extends and widens to the eternal shore.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A rainy day is often as beneficial to a household as to the soil, for on such days many odd pieces of work may be finished and leftovers done. One is less likely to have interruptions on such days and much may be accomplished. This is a good time to straighten dresser drawers and arrange closets. Rainy days are good days to plan an outline of work, meals and other important work.

For children's parties a clever little cake that delights the small folks is made by using animal crackers dipped in heavy sirup and then fasten them in an upright position on saltines or long narrow crackers. The eyes may be made with drops of chocolate and other additions will occur to the decorator.

Never shake rugs or hang them on lines to be beaten. One such treatment may ruin a rug. Place them on the ground and beat them, sweeping after each beating. The vacuum cleaner does away with all this drudgery as well as wearing by cleaning.

When out of cake put delicate crackers together with frosting. Chopped nuts and raisins may be added and the frosting may be varied in other ways.

A pretty way of serving butter when entertaining is to make three small balls instead of one, and insert stems from parsley, using a stalk with three stems.

A good wall paper cleaner: Take a cupful of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of kerosene, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia and a half cupful of water. Mix in a small saucepan and cook until the moisture is evaporated, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and knead with the hands until smooth. Use a small piece, kneading and turning to keep the clean side out to rub the paper.

If slippers slip at the heel paste a small piece of velvet inside the heel. To remove the shine from garments, rub lightly with a piece of emery paper.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets. But as truly loves on to the close. As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets. The same look which she turned when he rose.

### FOR THE SWEET COURSE.

As a finish to the dinner a heavy dessert is often out of place. The light dessert satisfies and is much better for the average person.

A cream puff filled with ice cream is one that will not overburden the stomach, or other filling may be used, such as a cooked custard or a chocolate filling. These may be filled and heaped in a handsome dish, making a pretty as well as toothsome dessert.

**Chocolate Junket.**—Bring to a lukewarm heat a pint of good, rich, sweet milk. Stir in half a cupful of sugar, a third of a cupful of boiling water, a quarter of a cupful of grated chocolate, with half of a crushed junket tablet dissolved in a teaspoonful of cold water. Flavor with vanilla and pour out in sherbet cups to set. Serve topped with whipped cream and a sprinkling of nuts.

**Orange Cream.**—Beat until stiff one pint of heavy cream. Soak half a package of gelatin in a cupful of cold water until dissolved. Beat the yolks of three eggs; add the strained juice of two large oranges and the rind of one. Add a cupful of boiling water, the eggs, and cook until thick, then add the softened gelatin and a cupful of powdered sugar. Pour into halves of oranges to mold. Kumquats make a good garnish for this dish to be used when it is served in sherbet cups.

**Apple Trifle.**—Take a pint of well-seasoned apple sauce, put through a sieve and reheat. Soften half a package of gelatin in cupful of cold water and stir it into the hot sauce. When well dissolved and the sauce is quite cold, fold in a pint of whipped cream flavored with nutmeg or grated lemon peel, or with any desired flavor. Turn into a mold that has been wet with cold water and let stand in a cold place for several hours. Serve unmolded on a platter, surrounded with a custard or with whipped cream.

Nellie Maxwell

#### Fats in the Body.

Fats in the body occur under the skin in the muscles and around certain organs. They act as a protection for the body against injury and serve as a stored supply of fuel, in case food cannot be taken. Fats are liquid in the body and are stored in albuminous cells.

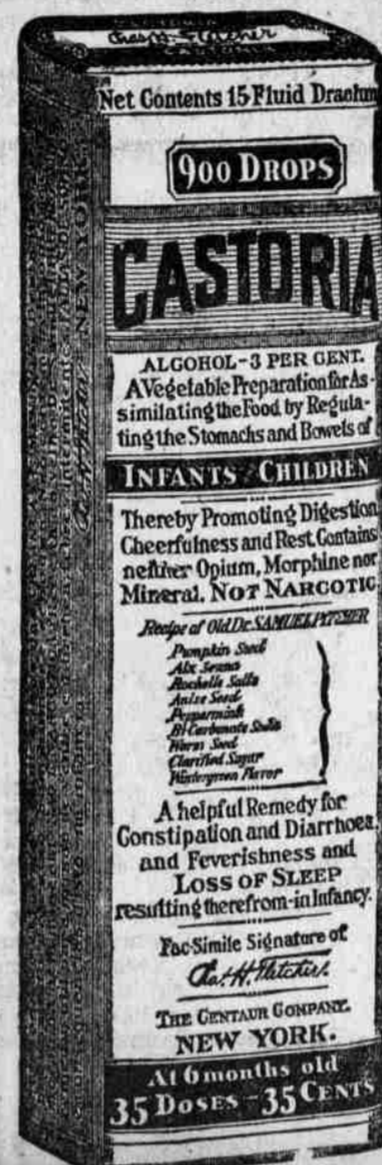
Transoms can be raised and lowered like a window shade with a device an Oregon inventor has patented.

## Physicians Recommend Castoria

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is nothing new. We are not asking you to try an experiment. We just want to impress upon you the importance of buying Fletcher's.

Your physician will tell you this, as he knows there are a number of imitations on the market, and he is particularly interested in the welfare of your baby.



## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

### Do the People Know?

Do you know why you are asked to call for Fletcher's Castoria when you want a child's remedy: why you must insist on Fletcher's? For years we have been explaining how the popularity of Fletcher's Castoria has brought out innumerable imitations, substitutes and counterfeits.

To protect the babies: to shield the homes and in defense of generations to come we appeal to the better judgment of parents to insist on having Fletcher's Castoria when in need of a child's medicine. And remember above all things that a child's medicine is made for children—a medicine prepared for grown-ups is not interchangeable. A baby's food for a baby. And a baby's medicine is just as essential for the baby.

The C. oria Recipe (it's on every wrapper) has been prepared by the same hands in the same manner for so many years that the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and perfection in the product are synonymous.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

#### Less Wool Used.

Reports from manufacturers as received by the bureau of markets, department of agriculture, show that there was less wool used in February than at any time since such statistics have been compiled. The February consumption amounted to 27,500,000 pounds in the grease, compared with 63,700,000 pounds in February of last year. Strikes which shut down mills and the inability of small mills to secure wool because the wool sold by the government at auction was sold on a cash basis, furnished the reason for the small February consumption.

Come to think of it we can't remember ever seeing a mud-slinger with clean hands.

#### Artificial Warmth.

"What's the idea of the gas stove and the fur overcoat?" "Isn't it April?" asked Mr. Penwidge.

"It is." "April with the balmy breezes and the skies of blue?" "That's according to popular fancy." "There you are. There's no use trying to turn out delicate creations of thought about April unless by some means you can provide a temperature approximately seasonable."

#### Unserviceable.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," quoted the ready-made philosopher. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but it's no good in a filibuster."

#### Her Get-Away.

"Tell her I'm not at home." "But you are at home, ma!" "Well, I won't be by the time you tell her."—Cartoons Magazine.

**To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.** Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Politeness will often lose a man his seat in a crowded car.

Wise saws should be filed in the archives of the memory.

## Have you ever heard this?

"My baking powder," says the smooth solicitor, "costs less than Royal."

But he omits to say that it often leaves a bitter taste, that food made with it is likely to stale in a day and that it contains alum, which is condemned by many medical authorities for use in food.

England and France prohibit the sale of alum baking powders.

**ROYAL Baking Powder**

is made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum—

Leaves No Bitter Taste